No. 1 Adults Only $17.50

BLOW JOB

All Models Are Over 18 Years

ALL COLOR

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"Not interested in sex?"

Not interested in sex? I repeated myself, my voice a little louder the second time. "What in heaven's name would ever give you that idea?"

Prissy, my fifteen-year-old sister, looked up from the book she was reading. "It says here that lots of older people lose interest in sex as they get older."

I almost wanted to laugh. I was hardly in my teens anymore but at twenty-three I hardly considered myself an old lady. As a matter of fact I was becoming more interested in sex if anything. I certainly spent enough time thinking about it.

"I think," I replied, trying to hide my amusement, "that they mean very old."

"Like grandma?"

"Even older," I answered after thinking for a moment. Gee, I thought to myself, what are they teaching them these days in those so-called Sex Education classes. "Are you interested in sex, Prissy?"

"I guess," she answered with a little shrug, snapping her book shut. "I like to see boys naked."

I gave her a hug and pushed her out the front door. She always stopped by on Saturday afternoons for awhile. We always had a little "girl" talk. Mother wasn't too keen on discussing the birds and the bees with anyone. She sort of gave that assignment to me.

I leaned against the door for awhile and thought about what Prissy had said. I guess it must be in the blood. I liked to see boys naked too. And I started early. At six I seduced, you might say, the boy who lived next door. He was seven. I kept having him put his choo-choo train in my tunnel just like I saw Mother and Daddy do, but it sure didn't seem like a whole big deal. At least not back then. But the years changed that. Now that tunnel was on the main line and I made sure that choo-choo trains were chugging through it regularly.

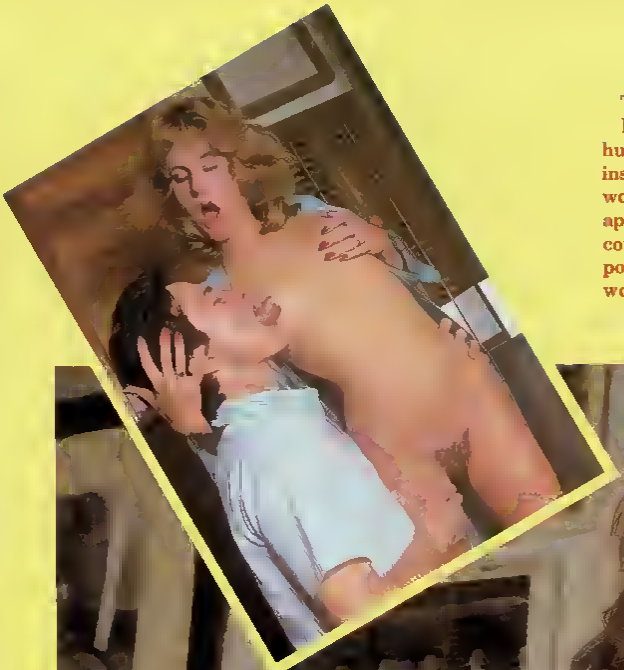
My big thing now was multiple partners. If one guy was good, two guys was fantastic. Providing, of course, that they were the right two guys. Tal and Sam were two such great guys. It had been over two weeks since I had seen the last and, well—let's just say that I was anxious.

Prissy had stayed a little longer than usual so I had to hurry through things a little in order to be ready when they got there. There was nothing I liked better before sex than glorying in the delight of my own sexuality. I loved to settle back in a hot tub full of fragrant body oils and luxuriate in their perfumed softness. I'd play little games with my breasts and let them just bounce on the surface of the water, the tiny pink nipples rising like miniature periscopes from the bubbles and suds. Many a time I had brought myself almost to orgasm by sitting there and rubbing the slippery bath oils over my full and cream-textured titties. If there is one thing that I did enjoy it was the feel and texture of my own body. I think everybody should. After all, the skin is the largest of all the human organs and certainly one of the most sensitive.

I'd step from the tub and towel myself off with one of those great big bath towels. I always liked to use the side with the rough texture. I could close my eyes and it felt just like a man's rough hands caressing me. It was wonderful. Then I'd rub myself down with the most delicate of scented oils—my favorite was the one that had the incredibly sexy smell of fresh violets—and finish off with just a hint of perfume, something either exotic or erotic dependent upon my mood, under each breast and along the inner side of my thighs.

Then I was ready.

I hungered to expose myself to the animal hunger of a hot man. I made him feel that avery instant with me was a moment spent in the most wonderful paradise. I wanted him to see me and appreciate me and want me until his mind could contain no other thought except me and the possession of my body. Then, and only then, would I give myself to him



Tal and Sam always liked to see me go through my little posing routine before we got down to the serious business of sexual fulfillment. I was always eager to please. I had slipped into a pure white silk robe that clung to my body like an extra skin, showing everything at the same time that it concealed all. I stretched and rolled and uncovered a bit of me at a time until only my tender pink pussy had been left unexplored. Gently I would let the robe drop open and slowly I would push my pussy towards them, fingering it and playing with the lips a little until my love tunnel was open wide and bidding them to enter.

I closed my eyes the minute Tal moved. I wanted to fully savour the feel of his hot tongue as it slipped into me and probed up into my secret places. No one could tongue-fuck a pussy like Tal could. He could make his tongue as hard as a dick and almost get it as far in me. I especially liked it when he'd hold my pussy open and let the tip of his tongue massage up and down the tender inner side of my vagina.

"Sweet pussy, babe Sweet, sweet pussy," Tal mumbled in between licks.

"I've got something almost as good for you," I said cradling my titties in both hands and sort of holding them out like a tempting sweet.

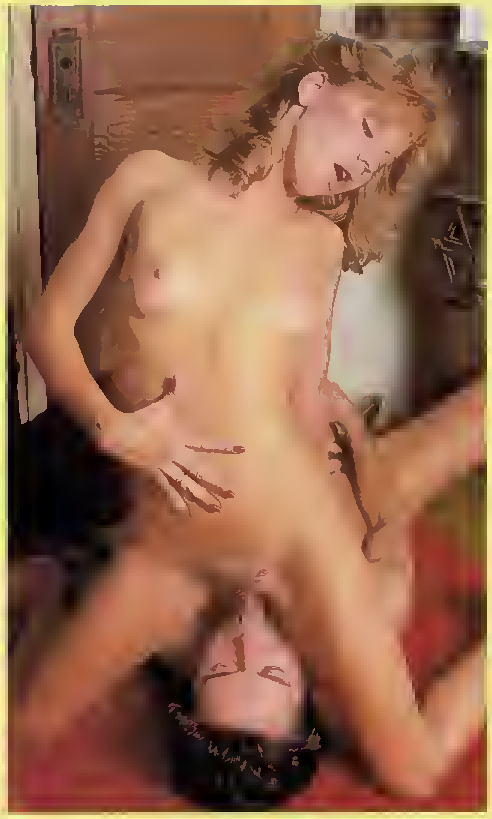
As he stood up and his mouth started to work over my titties, my hand took hold of his cock through the thin white fabric of his shorts and started to massage it. He gave an appreciative little sigh. Just as he liked pussy, I liked my cock. With a bit of a struggle I managed to slip his shorts off his hips and expose his waiting love machine. Oh how I delighted in the feel of the hardening head rubbing over my sensitive and erect nipples.

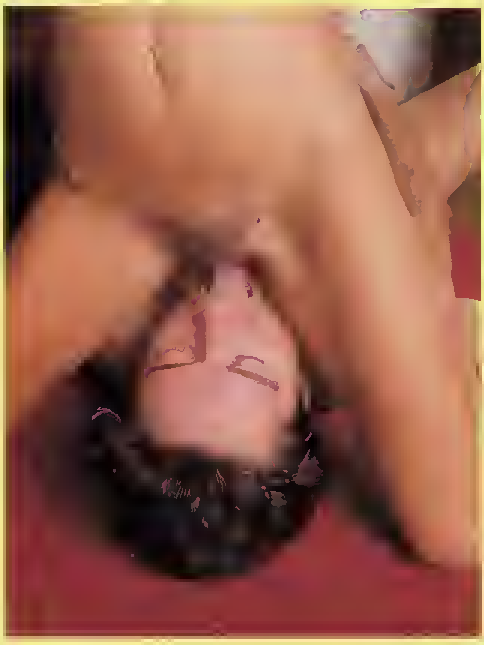
"Suck it babe," he moaned. "Make it real good for me. Real good. You know how I like it."

I sure did know how he liked it.

There is only one way to suck a cock. Good. I don't mean that you nibble on the head a little and lick your tongue around, I mean you get it buried down your throat until you almost can't breathe. You want to feel your nose buried in the pubic hair at the base of that glorious thing, and you want to feel those loaded balls riding on your chin.

"Oh yeh, hahe, that's the way. That's the way!"





Tal had his hands in my hair and was pumping that rod into me like my throat and his dick had been made for each other. I held his balls in my free hand and massaged them together as he shoved it to me. In just a matter of minutes I had him moaning and wanting to bust his nut.

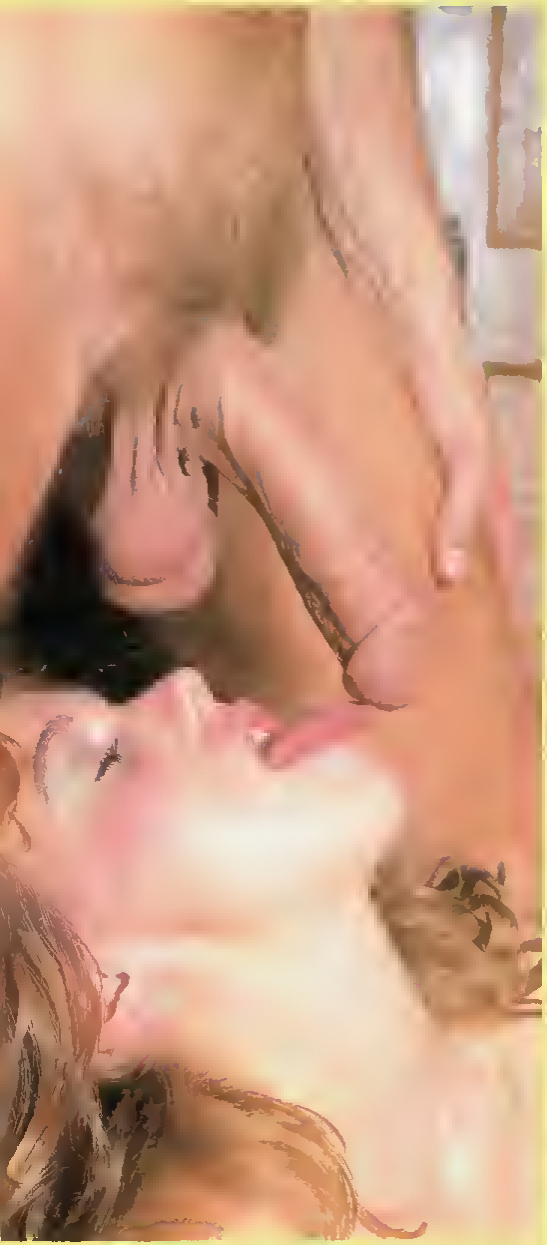
"Try two on for size," I heard Sam mumble.

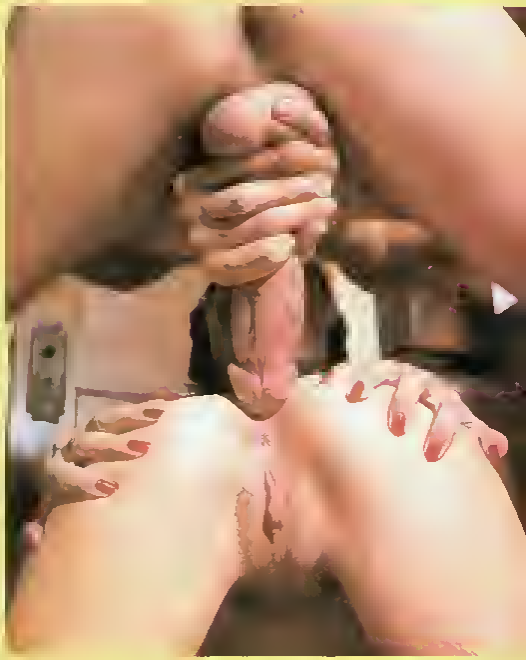
There I was on my knees with a cock sticking in each ear, so to speak. I grabbed them both and started to work on them. I had Sam as hard as Tal in a matter of seconds. I did love dick and I never could get quite enough.

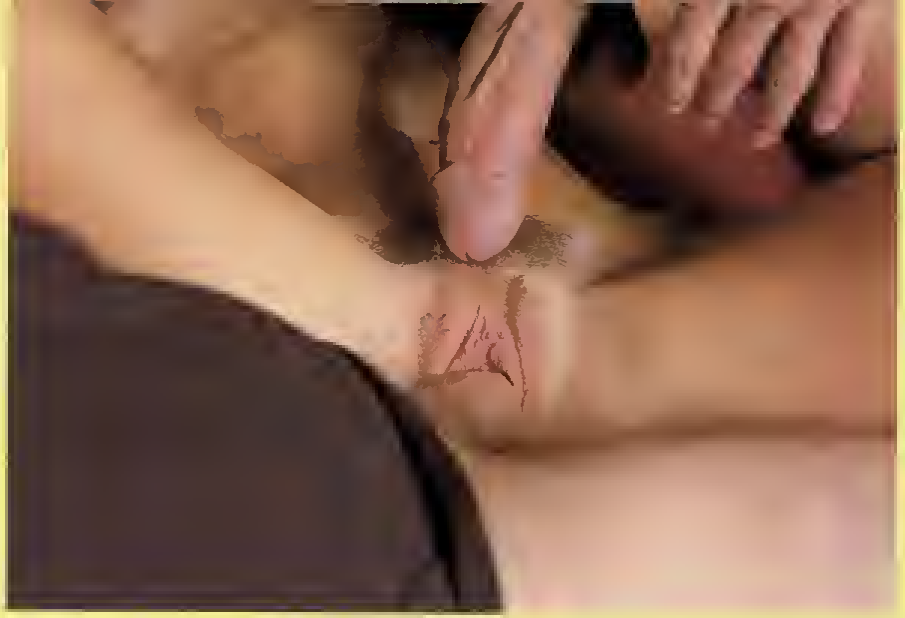
Slowly Sam spread my body out on the floor. He kneeled about my face and started to really feed me dick. I don't know how long that kept up, but who was counting. If Tal was in my mouth, Sam's tongue was in my cunt. If Sam was in my mouth, Tal was in my cunt. I could have gone on forever like that. Fucked at both ends.

Tal especially liked to have his balls sucked. I pulled first one and then the other into my outh and rolled it around When I knew I had him really raring to go, I sucked in both those loaded orbs and massaged my tongue back and forth over them. Tal just about flew otf his perch. That he really liked

But he could only take a couple of minutes of that without busting his nut. Before I knew it he had pulled me around and there I was, my hot pussy riding his hot mouth. That was a real team. I reached down between my thighs and pulled the lps of my cunt apart so that Tal would have complete access to me. Then I rode his stiff tongue like you'd ride a bucking bronc.







"Oh, lover that's good," I managed to moan. "I don't want you to ever stop. Just keep eating that pussy until I pass out. Oh, lover. Oooooooo."

All too soon he stopped. I was right on the edge and he knew it

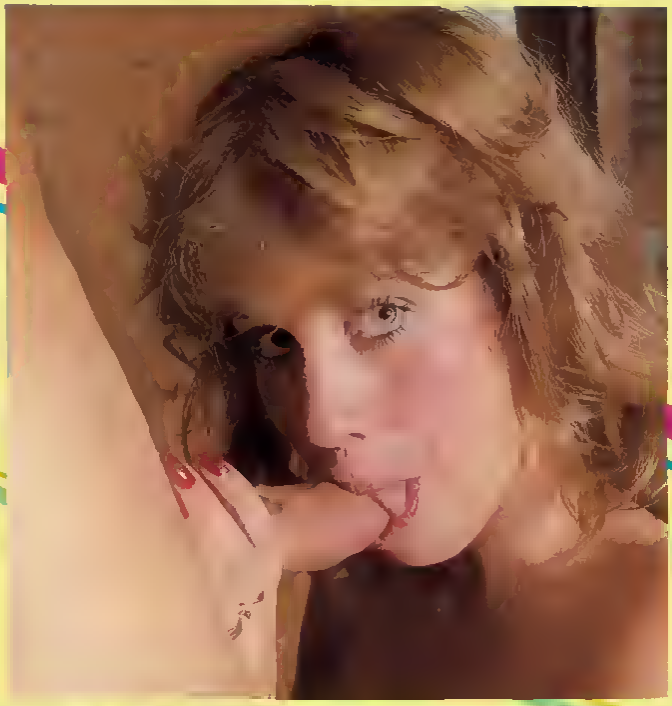
"Hold on, babe, you aren't the only one whose appetite needs filling."

There I was stretched out on the floor again with Tal down between my eager thighs eating away. He was trying very hard to push me over the edge of Paradise but I was holding out. I wanted to feel both those boys shoot up into me before I gave up anything at all.

"I think this girl is going to need some special treatment," I heard Sam say as I floated around near heaven with my eyes closed. "Why don't you get her warmed up for the old one-two."

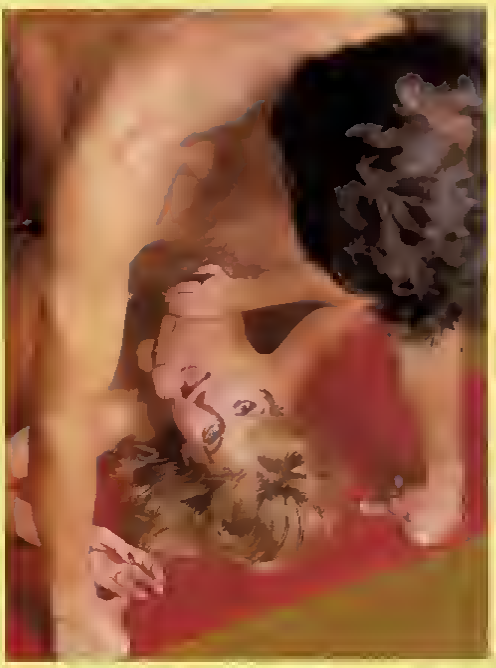
How well I knew what that meant A shudder went through my entire body. I was immediately excited and turned off, but I knew there would be no denying them their pleasure so I just hit down hard and gritted my teeth.

The part I liked best came first. That was when they got me on my hands and knees and got behind me one at a time and pumped my pussy so wide open that I thought you would be able to drive a truck through it.



They hoth had different fucking techniques. I don't know which one I liked the most. Sam was a long, slow deep (real deep') thrust that would bury his cock in me almost up to the end of my vagina. When he could feel his balls pressing tightly against my ass and knew there was no further to go, he'd start to rotate his hips and grind that dick in there like a cock screw. His hard tool wiped over every part of my cunt and set me on flame Sometimes he couldn't hold out and when he'd come in me in that position I always had an immediate orgasm the second I felt his load of love juice hit me It was just like an automatic trigger

Tul fucked like a battering ram, his long slender cock driving into me again and again as fast as he could possibly go. Sometimes I thought he was going to go right through me but, of course, he never did. It was an entirely different sensation from Sam I loved to feel him pull that big thing almost all the way out of me and then ram it back into me with so much force that I would lose my breath when he hit hottom



When both of them had worked up a real load, they were ready for the grande finale. Tal would stretch out on the floor under me comfortably bury his dick in my pussy. Sam would get behind me on his hands and knees and start to work his cock up my little shy rosebud. Sometimes it was very painful but the feel of their two cocks meeting there in the middle of me and sliding back and forth up and down each other was a sensation worth any price.

"Feel good?" Tal asked.

"And how," Sam replied. "I can feel you good. That sure is a crazy feeling there inside of her."

Nobody bothered to aske me how I felt, but I think it was probably unnecessary. My moans and groans were probably telling the complete story all by themselves.

"I'm going," I started to sob. "I can't hold it anymore. I—I'm going to—"

The ecstasy that grabbed and ripped at my body was almost unreal. I felt like I was dropping straight down thousands of feet. Just as I was about to hit bottom, everything inside of me exploded and I soared up to a searing sun that scorched my skin and made me burn all over. If there was such a thing as being in heaven here on earth, that was it.

"I'm cuming," Sam started to moan. "Shit, I'm going to bust good, real good."

I felt his explosion deep in my ass but was too far gone on my own trip to pay much attention.

Tal was kneeling over me now furiously pumping his cock. I was going to get a mouthful of cum whether I wanted it or not. But I could never say no. I loved to see that big dick swell and get hard and all red and then the white spurt of love roar out of the end. There was nothing more fun than seeing some guy dump his load on you.

"Now that was sex!" Tal exclaimed.

"Best piece of ass I ever had," Sam agreed.

"But only the start of a wonderful evening," I said, grabbing both their dicks in my hand.